

FIRST AND BEST IN THE FIELD IT CREATED

SPIN

THE SEX REVIEW

NO.
42

OUT OF NYC 75c

50c

ORGY AT
RIVERDALE
HIGH! P.18

DUSTIN
HOFFMAN
LOVES MIA
FARROW! P.22

WARNING ADULT TYPE
SEX MATERIAL
THIS LITERATURE IS NOT INTENDED FOR MINORS AND UNDER
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DO NOT PURCHASE IF YOU WANT PORNOGRAPHY!

SCREW YOU!

UPS AND DOWNS

Being a weekly publication has its drawbacks. Although the greenbacks roll in faster, it also means the editors have to dig up something to say in their editorial. And occasionally they have nothing to say. This is one of those weeks (long sustained silence).

LMBHF

Let Men's Balls Hang Free, a very exclusive and almost extinct club (membership—2 male humans, 1 female, 2 Doberman Pinschers, 1 Cheshire cat, 4,332 Cockroaches and Spiro Agnew) held a meeting last week to decide, once and for all, what to do about the continuing problem of female smelly "periods." If you'll remember a few issues back we approached this bloody mess with the intelligent attitude of "Hide the Women, Haul them Out and Punish Them!" Well, the tide is abating! That's right, Female Menstruation is on the way out! Not only is this a boon for the Men of the World, but just think what a joy it will be for Women, too!

THE SOLUTION

FOR WOMEN ONLY: At the onset of your period, take one roll of Scott Toilet Paper, two rolling pins, a quart of rubbing alcohol and one Brutish Type (Brutish Types are easily found cavorting in nearby alley ways). Place these things near your body, lie horizontal on a bed and close your eyes. As you begin to feel the menstrual flow, take hold of the two rolling pins, one in either hand. Roll over on your tummy. Ask the Brute to begin applying the Rubbing Alcohol over your entire body (avoiding the vaginal area, as it is apt to burn, being a sensitive "time of the month"). When this is done, demand that the Brute wrap your body in the Scott Toilet Paper (the alcohol will help make it

stick). With your free hands outstretched, ask the Brute to carry you down to the Hudson River (or whatever river happens to be handy). At the Gaansevort Pier, demand that the Brute cast you in the muck (read Hudson River).

Just as the big ape is about to toss you in the muddy brine, slam him a hard one on both sides of his head with those rolling pins of yours! And into the water you'll both go—curing the Menstrual Problem, controlling the Population Expansion—and as an extra added benefit, you've knocked the rising crime rate down, by wiping out an obvious criminal type!

NEW FILM IN TOWN

There is a must-see new movie playing at the Hardon Theater, on the corner of Seventh Avenue and 57th Street. The film is over 3 hours long and it concerns a day in the life of an habitual spitter. The flick is so life-like that as the stud on the screen squeezes a thin stream of saliva through his two front teeth at one particularly vivid interval, you can actually FEEL the spray! It's all very stimulating. Next time you're in the area of 171 W. 57th St., drop in to see THE FILM PHLEGM MAN at the Hardon Theater. Be sure to bring along a handkerchief!

FUTZ

Speaking of films, none of our friends have yet seen the film FUTZ. And do you know why? (As if you give a fuck, right?) Because (according to their own words) Film Critics are middle-class, middle-aged, midriff bulging bores, who are not in to anything new or different. FUTZ is an exciting film, and old farts like Clive Barnes and Judith Crist are afraid of it. Why be a schmuck? Why wait for FUTZ to be proclaimed the best American Film of the Century in 2001 before you see it? SEE THE FUCKING THING NOW, piss on Barnes and Crist—what do they know?

THIS ISSUE:



Page 5



Page 7



Page 11



Page 18



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GEMINI



SUPERIOR



LIBRA



PROFESSIONAL



LEO



FRIENDLY



VIRGO



INGENIOUS



SCORPIO



CAUTIOUS



ARIES



FEARLESS



SAGITTARIUS



ACTIVE



CAPRICORN



AWARE



AQUARIUS



HUMANITARIAN



TAURUS



CREATIVE



PISCES



PROVIDER



CANCER



VERSATILE

bates

Heavenly Bodies

Once in a while (a long, long while) a product comes along that is worth the money in mail-order land. That happened this week with the poster pictured on this page.

Called the Zodiac Positions Poster and available from Lanco-East, Suite 807, 225 Lafayette Street, N.Y.C. 10012, at the cost of \$3 for one and \$5 for two, it is both erotic and attractive.

The poster measures 2 x 3 feet and is a fetching three colors. It's the grooviest (most inexpensive) Christmas card possible, and volume rates are five posters for \$10.

In spite of their ad in the back of this paper we recommend them and hope you pick your position from either column A, B or C. Only problem is that you're horny an hour later.

CRAMMING FOR THE BIG ONE

In man's constant search for Carnal Knowledge, the need to experience is paramount in his mind. With this and other profound thoughts instilled into the cerebrum of the average reader, SCREW brings this sequel to SCREW'S GUIDE TO FUCKING FOREIGNERS

(SCREW no. 39). If you were fortunate enough to have that issue, you'll appreciate even more this up-to-date, non-bridged 5-language dictionary of tongues, designed to grease the path, and bridge the gap between knowledge and practice. Read on:

At Cunt And Carnal College

ENGLISH

Abnormal
Abortion
Spanking
Exhibitionist
Lips of the vulva
Cathouse
Excited
Knobs
Clitoris
Spunk
Swelling
Fetishist
Fingerfuck
Cunt
Whore
Love play
Safe
Pimp
Gay
Powerless
Incest
Fuck
Tickle
Man in the boat
Climax
Strip
Fuck
Dick
Kiss
Excited
Sexual parts
Lesbian
Lie
Dildo
Masturbate
Menses
Cherry
Nudism
Cockhead
Circumcision
Masturbation

FRENCH

Anormal
Avortement
Punition
Exposeur
Grandes levres
Maison publique
En chaleur
Seins
Clitoris
Ejaculation
Erection
Fetichiste
Carreser le con
Con
Putain
Prelude
Presevatif
Vrai de vrai
Pede
Impuissant
Inceste
Baiser
Chatouiller
Clitoris
Climax
Se deshabiller
Baiser
Queue
Baiser
Excite
Organes sexuelles
Lesbienne
Etre couche
Gode
Masturber
Menstruation
Virginite
Nudisme
Tete de la queue
Circoncision
Onanie

GERMAN

Abnorm
Abort
Schlagen
Exhibitionist
Schamlappen
Bordell
Brunstig
Brust
Klitoris
Ejakulation
Erektion
Fetischist
Fingerspiel
Futt
Hure
Vorspeil
Gummi
Zuhalter
Halbseidener
Impotent
Inzest
Juckeln
Kitzeln
Clitoris
Klimax
Ausziehen
Ficken
Schwanz
Kuss
Geil
Geschlechtsorgan
Lesbisch
Schlafen
Kunstliche penis
Masturbieren
Menstruation
Unschuld
Nudismus
Eichel
Beschneidung
Onani

SPANISH

Anormal
Aborto
Castigo
Exhibicionista
Labios del cono
Casa de prostitucion
Cachondo
Pecho
Pepita
Ejaculacion
Ereccion
Fetichista
Yema del dedo
Cono
Puta
Preparacion
Presevatif Condon
Chulo de puta
Maricon
Impotente
Incesto
Follar
Cosquillear
Clitoris
Climax
Desnudarse
Joder
Cacho
Beso
Cachondo
Organo sexual
Tortillera
Estar echado
Polla artificial
Masturbar
Menstruacion
Virgen
Desnudismo
Capullo
Deloracion
Masturbacion

SWEDISH

Abnorm
Abort
Aga
Blottare
Blygdappar
Bordell
Brunstig
Brost
Clitoris
Ejakulation
Erektion
Fetischist
Fingerpulla
Fitta
Fnask
Forspel
Gummi
Hallick
Homosexuell
Impotent
Incest
Jucka
Kittla
Kittlaren
Klimax
Kla av sig
Knulla
Kuk
Kyss
Kat
Konsorgan
Lesbisk
Ligga
Loskuk
Masturbera
Mens
Modom
Nudism
Ollon
Omskarselse
Onani



Homosexual Citizen

FALLOUT:

THE GREAT HOMOSEXUAL EXPLOSION

BY LIGE AND JACK

Lige and Jack are male lovers who dig life together. They laugh at silly prejudices and laws that make love a crime and look forward to the day when homosexuals and heterosexuals are happily integrated. They are co-editors of GAY, a newspaper to which you may subscribe by sending \$6 (for 13 issues) to Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

The New York Times is not to be outdone by TIMES, NEWSWEEK, LOOK, ESQUIRE, and other rags that have recently devoted considerable space to homosexuals. The Times however, cleverly gave a new twist to its coverage: a full-page report on the lesbian. Some numbskull buried deep within the TIMES' editorial rooms undoubtedly shrieked: "We've got to get a new angle—something that the others haven't covered." He assigned Enid Nemy (don't laugh, that's her real name!) to go out and research the whole business.

Poor Enid. We can easily imagine her going home to hubby and saying: "Guess what I've got to research?" And hubby licks his chops and thinks privately, "Lesbians, eh? Well... hope she brings home a few. I'd like to meet some of them critters. Always did want to see a couple of them broads sucking each other's pussies." That, believe it or not, is one of the many typical male reactions to lesbians.

Enid went out into the big wide world with equally big wide eyes and wrote a seductive fascinating piece of lesbian daytime soap opera for the TIMES. And this article was placed (so that housewives would be able to take in every titillating word) on page 62 (Monday morning, Nov. 17th, when hubby's at work) under the section marked, FOOD, FASHIONS, FAMILY, FURNISHINGS. The truth is this: the New York Times seems to be trying to convert housewives to lesbianism. Otherwise, why would such an august paper put a major article on this particular subject ONLY on a page which is likely to interest women? Why didn't the editor stick it where men would read it, too?

We will tell you why. Because Enid's article contains alternatives to a heterosexually married life that would strike most men as unpalatable and many women as an exciting possibility. The TIMES tells all about women who have been married for as long as 20 years, but who have left their husbands for other women! It tells about gals who carry on right under their husbands'



noses... pass as mere girlfriends, when in fact, they are, no doubt, busy humping pussies and treating each other to the multiple joys of cunnilingus.

"When I met Ruth," says one of the TIMES' interviewees, "she was just another woman, another mother." Then the two gals went to lunch, and experienced "extremely warm feelings"—that means they got horny.

Next, the New York Times comes on with some of its most blatant and unashamed homosexual propaganda... utilizing a host of clever psychological suggestions to drive its aroused female readers into the waiting arms of other women. Not unmindful of the fact that lots of housewives are bored, little Enid Nemy quotes one of the gals she talked to in the most plaintive and suggestive

manner: "I lived for a long time in an unfeeling existence and I felt there must be something more."

What else, Enid subtly suggests, exists as a sexual alternative to a grubby hubby? With the tact of a first-rate temptress she stealthily makes her sneaky suggestions: why lesbianism, of course! Enid, although she won't admit it, is a sly propagandist. She knows what she's doing. So does the New York Times.

The TIMES is even letting women know where they can meet other women of like minds. Take this juicy morsel: "The homosexual woman can, if alone, find friends in the long, narrow, red-walled room, illuminated with globe-shaped bulbs. She can also, if she is with a woman friend, reach out to

touch her arm or hold her hand without exciting comment. The physical demonstrations are generally mild and infrequent."

See how sly Enid and the TIMES can be? She knows that women are likely to be a bit frightened by lesbians at first, so she makes it all sound very nonsexual, affectionate, and interesting. No doubt but that hundreds of pretty women left the security of their suburban homes and rushed to the spot she mentioned in order to get seduced by other attractive women. Curiosity, you know. It's quite natural.

Anyone else would have mistaken THE NEW YORK TIMES' article on lesbians for a round of the same old clichés that are seen in so many articles about lesbians today. But SCREW readers are now wise to what's going on. Sprio Agnew says that the TIMES manages news. He forgot to mention that it also promotes lesbianism by telling women where they can meet other women! Of course, we make no moral judgements against the TIMES for its sneaky approach. Putting the lesbian article under Food, Fashions, Family and Furnishings, was a brilliant idea.

The clichés and the quotes from doctors (even first-class morons like Charles Socarides) helped to give the article a socially acceptable face. But in between the lines we can read the TIMES' real purpose: seduction.

The only reason the TIMES is 'a drag is because of its hypocrisy. Right now there are rumors floating about that it may withdraw its male-movie house ads. These ads have been running for months... and the TIMES has been accepting plenty of cash for each one of them, changing the wording of the ads to make them "acceptable" to Zelda and Marvin who masturbate over them on the breakfast table in Brooklyn. "Stud Farm" was studiously changed to read "Study Farm" or "Dude Farm", or something. Remember? Somehow, the advertising freaks at the TIMES thought that "Stud" was just short of being "proper" and to get the ad into the paper, the necessary changes were made. What schmucks!

But now we're exposing the TIMES for the liberated paper that it is! No one can miss the plain fact that it is aiming lesbianism at Zelda... and that she will sit alone with the paper (once Marvin has departed for the office) and think about all those new thrills that are in store for her when she meets a groovy gal who'll munch on her tits and treat her like a lady.

Hooray for the TIMES.

GREAT MOMENTS

IN PHOTOGRAPHY

Photos by Jim Buckley (taken with his Super Brownie Automatic Camera)



ROCK 'N RAUNCH

BY HANK ARLECCHINO

If you put Tina Turner and Mick Jagger on the same bill you are sure to generate enough fuck energy to blow the roof off Manhattan. And that's just what these two stars do. The sex goddess and the sex god of popular music both worked Madison Square Garden, and you can forget about the New York Knicks. They were dynamite!

Tina is a beautiful woman with a husky voice, an incredible body, terrific energy and a fantastic talent. Mick is—well—whatever he is, he's really together also.

Tina's performance of *I've Been Loving You Too Long* was brilliant and outrageous. She grabbed the mike, she caressed it, she went down on it. Her face contorted; her voice became coated with lust. And she dramatically portrayed orgasm for us. She showed us the rawest fucking we'd ever seen with the greatest artistry imaginable. The audience was stunned. I'm sure it wished it could do half as well, even without worrying whether it was staying on key.

Then the Stones appeared. Their whirling, dervish lead singer threw his cock around so much, it's a wonder he didn't dislocate it. Jagger humped his sixteen thousand fans with sincerity and devotion. It was divine! Crowds of people pushed down to the stage. They waved their fists over their heads; they shouted; they danced. A girl jumped onto the stage and pulled down her pants and saluted Mick with her nubile pussy. A chick grabbed his cock and wouldn't let go. And Mick leered and camped, frowned and strutted.

The Rolling Stones are among the world's great turn-ons. They make you want to move. And that's really great. If you had a dollar for everyone who fucked as a result of seeing Tina Turner and Mick Jagger that night, you wouldn't be jerking off over this newspaper now. You'd probably be getting ready to play the Garden yourself.

Tina Turner and Mick Jagger get **SCREW'S ESSENCE OF SCREW AWARD**. Would that Goldstein and Buckley looked like you!

ELP'S COMING BUT ARE YOU?

When Laura Nyro appeared on the stage of Carnegie Hall, I somehow had the feeling I was seeing Elsa Lanchester in *The Bride of Frankenstein*. Laura looks as if she could make a great Charlotte Corday in any summer stock production of *Marat Sade*. This chick is really weird! I know she has written three excellent songs and that they're all in the Top Ten. But does she have to look as if she ate all the records? She should at least work out—do a few chins, get rid of the rubber tire around the middle. And why doesn't she let her hair grow in? A crew cut on the left side of your head is not so becoming.

Laura must also get over her Dame Myra Hess fantasy and all the inane mannerisms and repetitive singing that go with it. You should not act as if you're making a great contribution to the musical literature of the world when you are just the Pop Culture Hero of the Moment.



Indeed, Laura Nyro is very strange. However, this hit-writing, Tiny Tim look-alike sure has her fans. Some days, I feel very left out.

EGER NEEDS A BEAVER


Joseph Eger's Crossover is the worst act in rock. Eger is a patronizing, cheap, unwholesome pimp who has the ability to prostitute anything. He made being human a disgraceful activity during his set at Fillmore a few weeks back.

Eger is a French horn player. That means he knows how to suck. Obviously, he's not doing much blowing anymore, so he's made himself a rock group composed of classical musicians, all of them at least as tin-eared as he. This ensemble proceeds to shit up everything—classical pieces, rock standards, big band instrumentals. Every time Eger got up to conduct, a cloud of diarrhea formed over the Fillmore stage.

To top it off, Eger put his own lyrics to the *Ode to Joy* from Beethoven's Ninth. A bouncing ball appeared on the screen and we were expected to trill about the "Woodstock Generation". Oh, come off it, Joe. I wished the ball would have bounced off the screen and onto the demented conductor's head. Joseph Eger gets **SCREW'S FIRST DRECK AWARD**. Lick it up, Joe. We'll even send you a plastic spoon.

BITS OF SHIT

Don't send Christmas cards this

So long. 

year. Rock and Raunch will present a new feature for the New Year. Cash Box, one of the trade papers, has the Cash Box Top 100, listed in its newspaper each week. **SCREW** is pleased to present **THE SCREW BOX SCROUNGY FIVE**. These are the five songs that my readers tell me they have fucked to, more than any other songs this week. Readers write in your selections and I will gladly tabulate your responses.

However, don't send me anything else. I really had no use for the two used French ticklers a reader mailed me last week, even though my friend Danny Fields, Atlantic Records ace publicity man, told me they would make an interesting ingredient in a beef bourguignon. Danny, by the way, knows more about Rock and Sex than anybody in town and has a plaster cast of his dynamite, sensuous cock to prove it.

Did you see Jim Buckley's cock cavorting on these pages a few issues back? Wasn't it in spectacularly bad taste? Soon I shall have myself plaster casted and it will be such an authentic and moving spectacle, it will probably wind up as one of those Governors' conferences' visual aids. I suppose that's the price the artist always pays.



A TONE POEM

MY DICK A TONE POEM

Midnight stoker
morning stoker
pissing rod and hymen croaker
pussy prod and marriage broker—
My Dick

Other limbs may let me down
hut my tower with a crown
doesn't shrink before the poon
that comes passing through my room.
It holds its load just like a clothespin
and is faithful as a postman
firm and hard in any weather
strong as steel, tough as leather—
My Dick

Take my wealth if you can find it
plug my asshole, I won't mind it
beat me to within an inch
threaten all my kin to lynch
but take you care with one appendage
all the rest is so much windage—
My Dick

BALL BREAK A MEDITATION

There are balls
upon the walls
of the shithouse
where I sit,
enormous balls astride a pencilled prick.

Soft round riders
on a disembodied ram,
enema sacks with an overhead cam.

Idealized spectors
skillfully detached
from the vulgar ordinaire.

The third turd
and I am risen
Ballderized for action.
Mid the tumult and the rush
of the wiping and the flush
I prepare again to meet the ugly day.

A PAEAN

Sweeter than a virgin's tit
softer than a lump of shit
is the moist angelic slit
of my own true love.

Never wearied from stout use
hardened to extreme abuse
cooler than a cup of juice
is my true love's slit.

Talk about your gin and beer
boast your fruity French eclair
nothing nicks my prickly palate
like a bush and stickum salad:
My true love's slit.





NEWEST MENACE: 200,000 barbers breed diseases

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

If you have traditionally bundled your man-child off to the barbershop by himself or, sometimes, even allowed yourself to doze off trustingly in the chair, stop it at once. Would you have your little lad exposed alone to the gamut of vices usually run in a whorehouse, or risk your own sexual integrity by slumbering like Samson in an erotic chamber of horrors surrounded by fiends of every variety? Surely not, and yet you do. Recent studies show that at least nine out of ten barbers—and their confederates of like tastes, the manicurists and bootblacks—are either homosexual or heterosexual. Many of them also have even weirder leanings that would just absolutely curl your hair!

That jolly Wop, for instance, Tony, who has been snipping away at you on Saturday afternoon for years; he talks about fishing and baseball—and often fucking. Just a front! He has a hair fetish. He can't resist getting into people's hair. He settles for twining it around his fingers and brushing it fondly, but have you ever noticed how he stands off and gazes at it, studying it, *craving* it? Especially if he's bald? He wants to run his toes through, to plow furrows into it with his cock, to come into it. When he's applying a

generous squirt of cream? Symbolically he's *coming* in it! Haven't you ever noticed a barber licking his fingers, licking the Bryl Creme off? Some of them *fuck* with Bryl Creme, even, Mr. and Mrs. American Samson. Get smart, barber buffs of America!

When he puts you under that tent apron, it's supposed to keep the hair off your sharkskin and button-down wash 'n' wear. Right? Yeah, sure! But it's really so that he can accumulate your hair on this tarpaulin affair, just as one would catch water for storage if plane-wrecked somewhere. He carefully brushes all the loose hair together on the floor and then ostensibly sweeps it someplace for burning or other disposal. Don't you believe it! Most of that hair is carefully saved until there's enough to roll in with, stark naked, another barber, the manicurist or the bootblack. The one chosen, of course, depends on the barber's particular fetish.

Most of them were sexually attracted to older barbers when they were little and, despite the urgings of their families, *had* to pick this shoulder-paralyzing calling because of a subterranean, little-understood urge. How many times have you heard parents crow, "Felix Junior is going to grow up and be a

barber?" Loan shark, maybe, or undertaker, but not a barber. Even though a barber is obliged to stand all day and thus keeps trim(ming), procure outrageous tips, gets even better tips on the horses, and is virtually his own boss, it is not a status calling. Americans pick status callings unless something they don't understand themselves calls *them*. It is like the ministry. God calls *you*.

The very word "tonsorial" gives one a hint as to the deep-seated trouble. No matter what anyone tells you, the word bears a similarity, if not a direct etymological connection, to the word "tonsil". A tonsil is in the throat, isn't it? And cocksuckers take cocks into their mouths and throats, don't they? Figure it out for yourself. Frequently we hear the phrase "tonsorial artist", and the *artist* part *really* reveals something, since we all know how many queers there are in the arts! Have you ever heard of a straight dancer?

For that matter, have you ever heard of a queer barber? Probably not, as they are scrupulously careful about keeping their true inclinations hidden. But, just as your fairies communicate with each other via pinkie rings, a certain way of fluffing their pocket handkerchiefs, and glancing at each other's baskets (crotches to you,

Felix Senior), barbers have a particular sign, too. You guessed it: the barber's pole! It's nothing more than a phallic symbol advertising their proclivities. You can paint red and white stripes around it and even revolve it, but a cock's a cock! And anyone with a yen for decorating or otherwise embellishing a simple, God-given cock really is a weirdo, wouldn't you say?

Look at the selection of magazines in a barber shop, too. *Field and Stream*, *Popular Mechanics*, *True*, and *Playboy*, for God's sake. Either strictly locker room, he-man stuff, or girly mags. Any *Screw* reader knows how dangerous *Playboy* is, for instance, with its pink-powdered, sweatless, pussyless, big-titted pullouts. Any kid who's led to believe that's what women are like is in for a rude jolt and a few setbacks when he grows up to eleven or so, and has his first piece of ass shoved in his face and discovers it has hair. (Assuming he's not an incipient barber, in which case he might dig it.) What's the kid going to get from *Field and Stream* but fishing poles—very phallic, indeed—and they even *bend* and have attachments called reels by which you retract the line or *symbolic come*. Surely you know, Felix Senior, that throwing a line into a body of water



is a desperate act of fucking Mother Nature! Not only that, the act of withdrawing, or reeling in, is achieving what cannot be managed in actuality: retrieving your seed and thus denying yourself to Gae, the earth mother. What kind of reading is this for an impressionable youth, Felix Junior, who has to while away time waiting for that exciting but somehow, to a boy, frightening ejaculation, "Next!" Much of the time he can't even stand up because he's got a hard-on from looking at all those suggestive pictures in *Field and Stream*.

Then he's exposed to the mercy, strait-jacketed, of a deviate or worse, who breathes on him, either *ba-ba au* or bay rum; clips, combs and tweaks him, then whisks him off (think about *that*), and applies sadistic astringent lotions and finally, of all effete things, talcum powder! No wonder we are headed toward frills for men, open sexuality and general nudity. One of the natural, though to some monstrous, antidotes to the Unisexual look is nudity. If they all look alike from the outside, they have to take their clothes off to be separate—right? All this starts with talcum powder in a barber shop. We've been coming to this for years. A frightful

oak has grown at last from a little, poison acorn. No one has been looking in the right places for the seed of the problem.

Look eastward. Your most notorious barbers in the world are Arabs, among whom the so-called tonsorial art is practiced with exquisite refinement. The Arabs are very zealous about and protective of their beards, and have been for centuries. They are also infamous sodomites and child molesters. And they have wedge-shaped cocks. So we can safely draw the conclusion that barbers bugger, can't we?

Manicurists, male and female—and they're most commonly female—have an even more exotic sexual pattern than do barbers. They are frequently digitalists. In queer patois, a man who sucks toes is known as a Shrimp Queen. A woman who plays with fingers all day, caressing and chopping at them, is sublimating her urge for multi-phallic experience, and we call her an Udder Mess. A handful of fingers, you see, resembles a cow's udders which, to many females, means a bouquet of cocks. The Udder Mess really wants to suck the fingers she's working on, but will settle for fondling them all day, day after day. Nevertheless, she's an oddity and contributes to the ambience of sexual tension one feels in a barber shop. Birds

of a feather, you know . . .

Then take your average bootblack. Regardless of his color, he's a servile masochist if there ever was one, kneeling at some slob's feet, symbolically fellating him or, more perversely, licking his boots. Note the sexual rhythm required to give a high shine, too, which is highly reminiscent of cocksucking at its most frenzied. It is by no means an accident that these particular oddities are drawn to the milieu of the barber shop where they can find many of their own kind, or rather their complement. It is music to their ears, psyches and appetites to hear the ritualistic words, "Haircut and shine!" as some dapper salesman in sharkskin and a button-down wash 'n' wear swings in from the street.

Have you said, or heard your husband say, if you're the little woman, how much better off one feels after coming from the barbershop? Like a new man? Well; that kind of release is generally achieved only through sex or some similar physical activity with sexual connotations such as a game of handball or a swim—or maybe a confessional. Sex underlies all these activities, just as it does those at the barber's. What about the vibrator? What about it! If that isn't sexual contact between a queer barber and you, what is?

To say nothing of a massage. A shampoo is practically full intercourse right there in a public room. If you're one of those straights opposed to public fucking, how can you justify going all the way, subliminally, which is the same thing if you wise up, in a room opening onto the street, with a barber, a manicurist and/or a bootblack—usually all three during one visit, and that's an ORGY!

The only answer, if you're a puritan or a purist—and there's quite a difference—is to avoid that den of iniquity, lust, perversion and captive audience—the barbershop. Let your hair grow long. One of the most controversial issues of the late Sixties, long hair, now becomes the obvious recourse and alternative to the psychological cesspool that is waiting to engulf you if you persist in cropping it. Or do it at home with the handy-dandy two dollar trimmer, if you must, in transition. If you're sane and sound, you'll eventually go the long-hair route!

(Author's Note: Persuasions in the form of money orders will be accepted in considering a possible rebuttal of the above. Barbers who aren't queer and who wish this to be known should be especially generous. J.F.H.)

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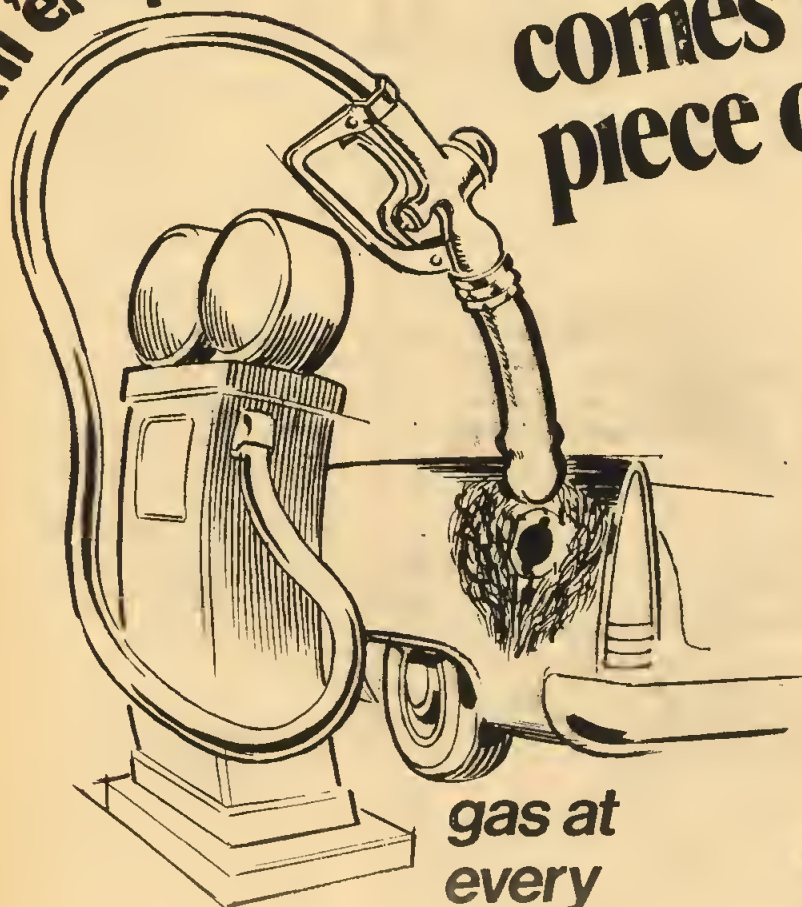


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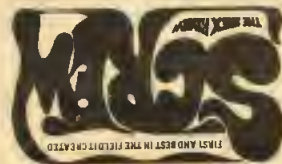
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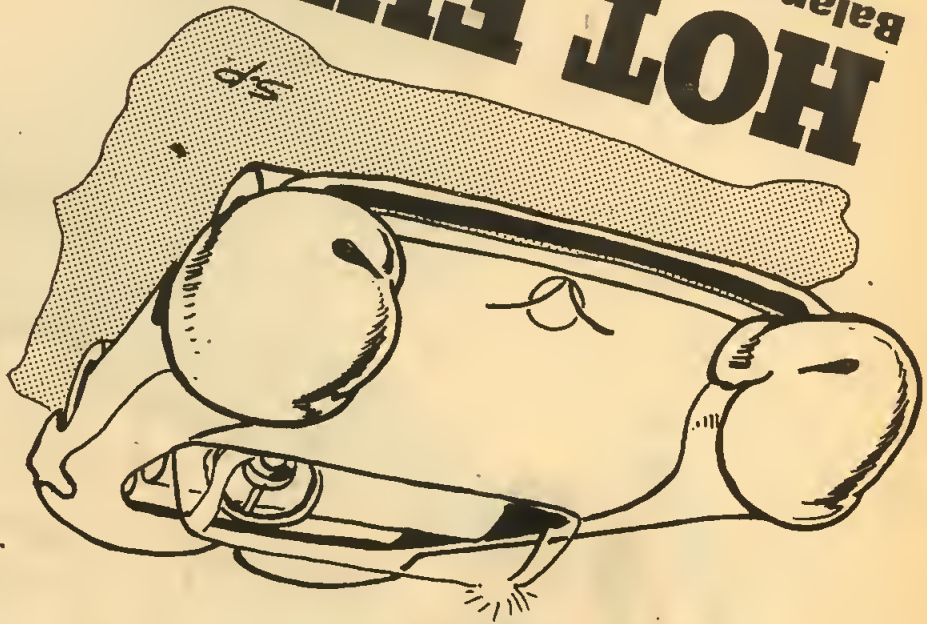
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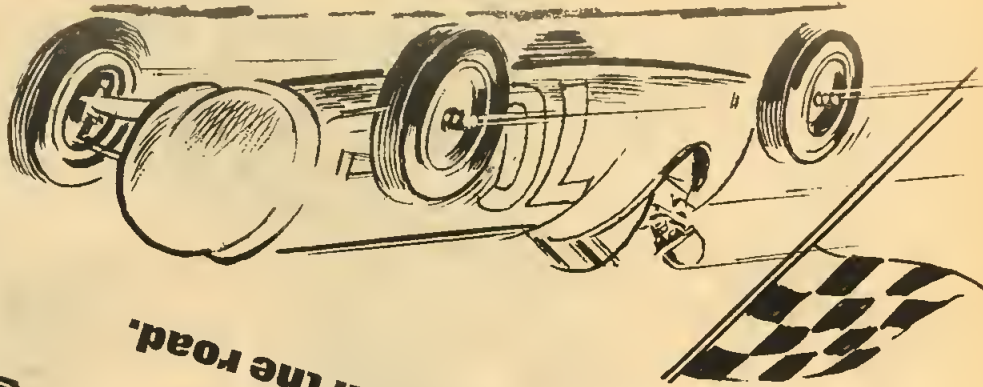
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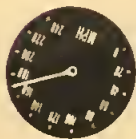
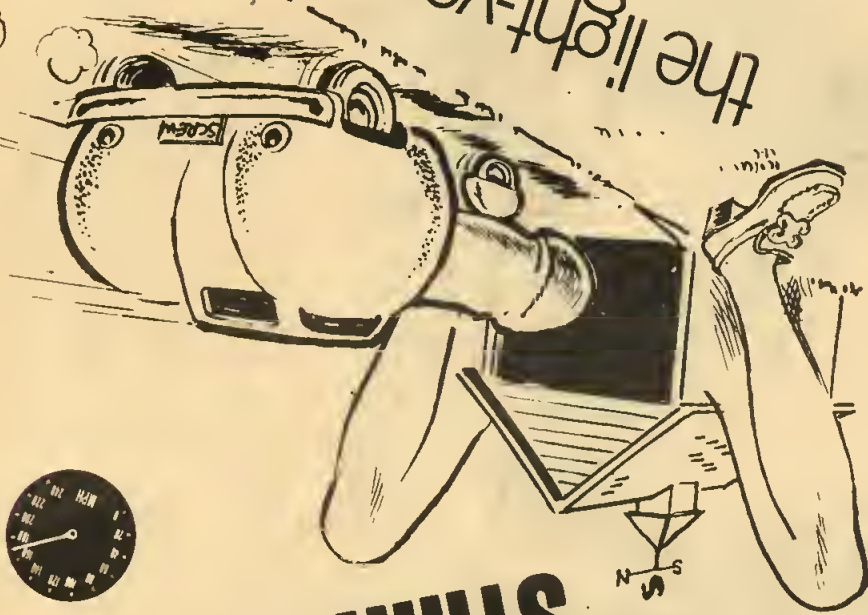
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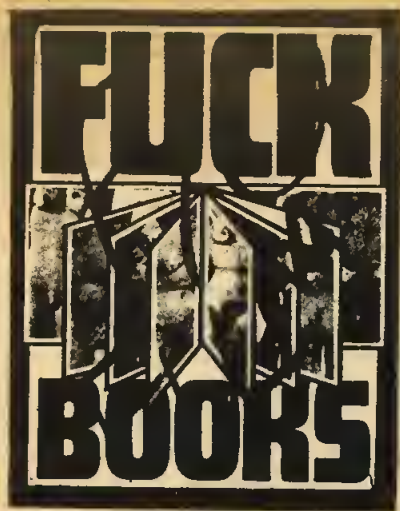


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**FAST EDDIE
STRIKES AGAIN!**





BY MICHAEL PERKINS

The French Lieutenant's Woman by John Fowles. Little Brown, \$7.95

Contrary to commonly cherished opinion, the English have always been a very sexually active people—not very sensual, perhaps, but very *busy*. Day to day life in 1969 London is a walking meatjoy. All the advertisements are for underwear, and the girls in the ads reveal more than the girls do in New York advertisements. Skirts are so short they don't need to be lifted; just pulled up. And from documents, letters, (and erotic bibliographers like Henry Spencer Ashbee), not to mention books like *My Secret Life*, we know that the Victorian Age, despite its starched front, had its pants down probably more than we do today. Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* were none other than Steven Marcus' *Other Victorians*, proving, perhaps, the value of closeted, unspoken-of, tabooed sexuality: more thrills when you steal them. You're not only having the same old good time the human race has enjoyed for millions of years, but you're eating of the Apple, and spitting the seeds in... God's eye?... Society's?

Now that we know the Victorians weren't as dry as they were cracked up to be for so many years, no one is writing Victorian novels anymore, those sweeping social documents that tried to represent their age by leaving a quarter of it out. I love Dickens, but pardon the expression, he was a horny old man, too. And nothing but repressed glimpses of it comes out in his books.

There's a reason for my blasphemy: John Fowles has written a Victorian novel—and has put the sex in it in its proper proportion. His novel proves that the novelist can still be godlike, because in it he's gone back in time and filled in holes that always needed filling in. The result is an excellent novel, and literary gratification for the reader who wants to see all aspects of a society discussed in their proper proportions. Because it's my job, let me expand on the sex in Fowles' book, leaving it to more respectable reviewers to touch on its other merits, which are many.

The French Lieutenant's Woman, is, first of all, one of the most erotic titles I've ever come in contact with. It sounds faintly like a nineteenth-century cheap romance, one with paper covers yellowing and falling apart as you turn the pages. Its central situation covers just that ground. The woman—a young governess in a small town near the sea—falls for a French Lieutenant whose boat is wrecked. He has—or has not—his wicked way with her, and then skips off, as seamen will. She is disgraced, and outcasted, but instead of leaving the indignant small town for a place where she is not known, she continues to live there where she mostly

HERE CUM' DE GAULLE!

stands on a sea wall gazing out to sea, waiting for his return.

Sounds like a Victorian melodrama, right? But Fowles introduces as his hero a young semi-scientist named Charles, who is sold on Darwin, and likes to dig for fossils. He is to marry a proper Victorian girl, but he becomes so fascinated by the French Lieutenant's woman proper Victorian girl, the marriage never takes place.

One day, he meets her on one of her solitary walks near the sea. She, of course, is watching for her lieutenant, and he, naturally, is digging for fossils. Here is a scene describing their lovemaking:

"He stood over her a moment, his member erect and thrusting out from his shirt... the passive yet acquiescent body pressed beneath him, the naked feet that touched his own... he could not wait. Raising himself a little, he drew up her nightgown. Her legs parted. With a frantic brutality, as he felt his ejaculation about

to burst, he found the place and thrust... He began to ejaculate at once.

Oh, my dearest! My dearest. My sweetest angel... Sarah, Sarah... oh, Sarah!"

A few moments later he lay still. Precisely ninety seconds had passed since he had left her to look into the bedroom.

It's not much, but then Fowles is not truly an erotic writer. His sexual descriptions are important not only as hindsight correctives to the Victorian novel, but as a "respectable" and talented writer's concession to the importance of sex in the description of any life in any milieu.

There are other such scenes. Particularly moving is the one with the prostitute whose child is in the next room. When it turns out that the prostitute's name is the same as that of the French Lieutenant's woman, Charles vomits all over her instead of having her.

The whole scene with the prostitute makes the reader aware, more than any moralizing, of the human misery of prostitution. Dickens could have done it, and should have, but he didn't; so Fowles has done it for him, and in more ways than one.

The Screw Fuck Book BESTSELLER LIST

1. *The Love Machine* by Jacqueline Susann, Simon & Schuster, \$6.95
2. *The French Lieutenant's Woman* by John Fowles, Little Brown, \$7.95
3. *The Seven Minutes* by Irving Wallace, Simon & Schuster, \$7.50
4. *The Baby Sitter* by Norman Singer, Olympia Press, \$2.25
5. *Sookuy* by Angelo d'Arcangelo, Olympia Press, \$1.95



Camping Out With Aunti Butch

What a Mary-Go-Round life in your upper echelons of gay society is! And here we are to report it in every glittering detail, with an emphasis wherever possible on "tail." But you knew that . . .

It seems only yesterday that several affluent members of the Wet Set (which is what I call the more, "mature" and therefore sloppier cocksuckers I've known from Coast-to-Coast, meaning Brava and Smeralda as well as East and West) were paying regular seratch to keep out of CONFIDENTIAL (remember her?). Now they're getting on positively *en flagrante* and dying for publicity! One of my dearest friends, who has arthritis so bad she can't roll his eyes, is bugged because when the local gendarmerie pulled one of its pre-election shake-downs at a posh afterhours place lately they didn't run her in for transvestism. Her bells weren't flared enough to qualify! So here I am to drop names willy-nil and make up for such oversights. The lions of Gay Society are to have their day at last. Isn't it marvy to be a free nigger?

Richter von Dingus, whose grandpapa was a real life baroness from someplace like the Principality of Pless, and Spurlock "Spur" Matta (of the Very Important Mattas) electrified the Too-Beautiful People with a hunch at their cunning Murray Hill garden apartment last Sunday by featuring a new thing called a White Russian Salad. Prince Alexi Jergoff provided the dressing in his inimitable way, Alexi having the farthest-coming cock this side of L'Hermitage, but you knew that.

Among the boulevardears (Third Ave., that is) present were Fuller Koch and Pud Pullman, celebrating their fifth (month); Hardin Cox and Jam Zipper (of the Seventh Avenue Zippers, who along with threads have holdings in junk and antiques, take your pick), wearing identical BB's with contrasting sashes, ascots and jockies. So chie, Fuller is an ex-lover of a certain composer of Broadway hits who is down again with the Rimming Complaint, so they say. Well, she deserves a rest.

Also present were seven other stunners, one of them a real Midnight Cowboy recommended by Scotty's suecessor out Hollywood way. Richter always invites an odd number (if you'll pardon the redundancy, and I know you will) so that in case anything group-y develops there's someone free to answer the 'phone.

I had to run out to catch the end of the Sunday-afternoon-Saturday-night recovery bout at Julius—where the oldest college sophomores in the world gather and everyone *still* pretends to be so butch that she just dropped in famished for one of those greasy hamburgers. Never mention "eruse" in Julius', my dears. They still wear their boxer shorts down there—backwards, of course—, but dear Ronny (*his* grandpapa accumulated soap holdings—and Ronnie has picked up a few eakes in his time, too) traditionally presides over a coterie of the East Side's finest (if not humpiest), so I drop in when I can.

Often I pick up a tidbit such as that

Reprinted From
GAY no.1



Chess Harris will keep his cottage (yeah, 12 rooms and done by Billy Baldwin) in Bucks County open through Thanksgiving for his annual Gobbler Gayla, featuring Fat Glans and the Foreskins for dancing. If it's anything like *last* year's, when Angela You-Know-Who dropped in, i

advise everyone to leave his eodpiece at home. Everything will be checked at the door. Won't it be fun?

Since no one every really makes out at Julius' (maybe it's the light, but I rather imagine it's the attitude), the Ronny

group ended up in sex-ions—some to the corner of Christopher and the Avenue of the Amerieas (the Too-Beautiful People eschew dowdy old Sixth Avenue), others to the trucks (particularly Pugh Bix and some back number she got engaged to the night of the costume competition, sic, at the Stud), and the die-hards to the Continental. (What a way to die!)

Pugh, hy the by, informed me there are now thirty-one gay bars in Manhattan! But, of course, *our* group doesn't frequent them with any frequency, just one or two nights midweek usually. It's not ehie to be seen out on weekends. But you knew that.

Playwright Edward You-Know-Who was at the baths wearing a body wraparound in poplin and Gucci scuffs. Eddie always brings her own personals, including flavored KY in case anyone changes his mind. I was just *spaced*, my dears, so I stayed only long enough for a sandwich. Didn't catch the names, but they weren't anyone *you* know. On the way out into that awful West Side autumn sun glaring down on those grubby streets (they're Spic over there, but hardly Span, as Hardin Cox, who's never been West except to Lincoln Center, says), I ran into Hogue Waller. Hogue was looking prune-y, though prosperous (why not his mama is *the* Hogue Waller Pork Chip and Beef Jerky heiress, and Hogue doesn't even *need* that GQ caption-writing job).

Just had time before last night's deadline to meet Fermin Upp for a Bloody Udder at the Four Seasons (*you* know, V8 and Champale, it's *in*). Fermin is devoted to high vents this season, cut just below the shoulder blades and revealing Fornicato's new mauve hopsacking westkit with detailed rear piping. Divoon. We avoided Ayer Loeb (just too *limp* for the Seasons and still wearing pointed toes), who came back from a mid-season jaunt to Nassau *pale*. Not done. But, then, Ayer is the sort who thinks Bebe Rehozo would be a fun dinner companion. My dears, he is not. White House or no White House. Of course, speaking of the W.H., there *are* those I know who would like to get a grip on David Eisenhower's ears. But just once, and not for publication.

On for a quick bite and a grope in the head at the Country Cousin, which is low-brow to the Wet Set, hut cozy. It hasn't been discovered by the Narrow Ties from Jersey yet and ruined the way Poppyeck's was. Or Stage 45. Got an average blow job 'neath the 71st St. hridge, and then home to RSVP to Les Fineter and Lash Payne, who are hosting a Do-In up East Hampton way next weekend. Of course you'll *be* there. Bells and no beads, says Les. And underwear. Les and Lash are among those who like to keep their Do's tasteful and outwardly conventional, the dears, since they have so many drop-ins from the straight world up Hamptons way. So underplay your baskets, which is the fashion of the season among the Too-Beautiful People. Sic transit big cocks on display. That's for the stage, my dears. But you knew that.

What a Mary-Go-Round life in Gay Manhattan in the fall is!

If He's Dead, W



My Ain't He Stiff?



CINEMA

AT
RIVERDALE

• Steerpike •

AT RIVERDALE HIGH

BY DEAN LATIMER

Let's face it, gang—everybody wants to ball his daughter, right? Even guys who don't have daughters still want to ball them. Ask Zelda the Cat about this: "The thing to do," she'll tell you, "if the girl's travelling around to the guy's place, she ought to dress up as tennagey as she can. Get a nice flouncy skirt, just above the knees, pile your hair up really pretty, don't wear too much make-up—just look super clean—and come on to him like he's just taken you home from the junior prom. If the guy's from out of town, a real dude, then you also put on your really snazzy underwear—garterbelt, see-thru spanky panties, cutout bra—look like a cheerleader on the outside and a Frederick's of Hollywood model on the inside. But the important thing is to look really young, like their daughters. They all want to fuck their daughters."

Yes, the teen-age thing is very big these days. However, before some half-baked shrink reads this and conjures up a treatise on Pedophilia In The American Male, it ought to be observed that between child molestation and the fucking of teen-age girls there is a gap. The daughter that every man wants to ball is not a little girl at all; rather, she's tall and long-legged, and possessed of an abundance of secondary sex characteristics. In fact, to the lust-inflamed inner eyeball of your average Joe, she doesn't look much like a teen-age girl at all. She looks more like... well... like a cross between Betty Cooper and Veronica Lodge.

Actually, it's been suggested that there's not much difference between Betty and Veronica. In an old *Mad* satire on Archie Comics, circa 1953, Will Elder drew the two girls side-by-side, with the four cute little tits perking upwards at the same angle, identical expressions on their snotty little faces, and the exact same acne/pimple patterns on their chubby little cheeks. "Can't you see how utterly... completely different Salonica is from Biddy?" Starchie was asking Bottleneck in the background. "Look at the drawing in the faces... the lips... both so different!" Of course, the only difference lay in the color of the hair.

But Will Elder notwithstanding, the difference between Betty and Veronica is as vast as the difference between Aphrodite and Chloe, between Jackie Kennedy and Tricia Nixon, between Jim Goldstein and Al Buckley. This difference is carefully calculated and painfully maintained by the creators of Archie Comics, and to overlook it is to plunge headlong forever into the Generation Gap. Lose touch with Archie Comics and you can kiss goodbye any chance of balling your daughter, or any reasonably nubile doppleganger. And that would be a tragedy, because I give you my word—I just balled one, not more than a month ago—teen-age girls are still the tightest, hottest, most enthusiastic pieces of ass round.

As a public service, then, I occasionally pen a few words of drool about Archie Comics, in hopes of drawing the fathers of America into a closer rapport

with their daughters. Look: there she is out there in the living room, watching television with her long downy legs draped up over the top of the sofa in a study-hall slouch supreme, and the frayed plaid Jamaica shorts, snuggled tightly over her plump round Mound of Venus... you can fair smell the fair smell of her, mate... By the beard of the Caliph Haroun Al-Rashid! Send the wife off to Bingo! Give the lad the keys to the car! Then finish this article and go out to the couch and pitch a little woo, Mac.

Good God, I'll get us all busted for inciting to statutory rape.... Using interstate facilities to violate the Incest laws.... Advocating the overthrow of the typical teen-age hymen fetish.

These articles on Betty and Veronica do gather in a lot of feedback, though. For a long time, I suspected I was the only person so depraved he could jerk off over Archie Comics, but after writing a few of these things I've become convinced the Archie people make most of their bread from unsatisfied husbands. "I wish you would update your observations on Betty and Veronica," one of my many fans (there must be dozens) wrote a while back. "You say that Betty shows the most skin, but that's not true at all. Did you see the *Betty & Veronica Summer Fun* issue? Ronnie was nearly naked!" These cats rarely sign their names—"Father of 4 And Still Horny" type stuff—but they give the impression of sturdy well-adjusted hardworking men.

After you think about it awhile, it stands to reason that Archie has to sell to a lot of dirty old men. Like, they keep about five separate titles on the stands at all times, and change them every three weeks or so. You've got the first-string Archie titles—*Archie*, *Betty & Veronica*, *Archie's Pals 'N Gals*—and the second-stringers—*Madhouse*, *Jughead's Jokes*, *Little Archie*—not to mention a couple of secondary titles, *Josie* and *That Wilkin' Boy*, plus the monster 25 cent quarterlies. Now, how many teen-age and pre-teen kids read this lame horseshit? Most comics can't sell to save their ass these days, thanks to television (and Archie has that nailed down, too, with an hour-long, *Monkees*-type cartoon show every Saturday morning), but Archie just keeps pumping it out. Who buys all these Archie comics?

Well, I carry home a bundle every other week....

So these articles come out every now and then, and they pull the weirdest feedback.... The difference between the amount of leg shown by Betty, as opposed to Veronica, seems to be universally interesting. Once I wrote a Marxist interpretation of the whole Archie *gestalt*, which observed that Betty traditionally comes off sexier than Veronica mainly because Betty, as a common proletarian chickie, is forced into the display of flesh in order to compete with the aristocratic Veronica, who as a member of the economic elite already possesses a powerful touch-me-not, allure. Actually, however—I went on—Betty effectively destroys her appeal by showing so much flesh, thus becoming a lower-class, commoner trully by comparison with Veronica, whose bathing suits were always one-piece, and

whose skirts always stayed discreetly below the knee. And thus—reasoned I—the traditional American morality dream is upheld (i.e., the poor are punished for being poor while the rich never give *anything* away), and at the same time, a lot of good teen-age cheesecake gets splashed around the pages of Archie Comics for the edification of demented such as I.

This got some weird feedback. Reports filtered down through the cartooning grapevine, that John Goldwater of Archie Comics, was asking around about me to determine whether I'd ever worked for him. Story has it that when Goldwater created Archie in the early forties, he devised a strict set of relationships which the kids were to have among themselves; and after spirit-duplicating this thing, he gave copies to all his writers and artists, bonding them to never ever reveal the inside dope about Archie's pals 'n gals. Apparently, that Marxist critique had been so close to home that Goldwater was looking into the possibilities of suing the paper for printing it.

He probably would, too, this Goldwater, he's such a crooked old son of a bitch. See the Comics Code seal on the cover of every comic book on the stands? John Goldwater is President of the Comics Code Authority, a censoring board that has the yea or nay on all four-color 8½" x 11" comics that get distributed in this country. Ever wonder why comics are so shitty? Because they're all censored according to Archie standards, that's why. Goldwater owns the farm, is what it amounts to, which is why nothing that might sell as well as the Archie titles ever gets on the stands.

But does Betty, indeed, show more flesh than Veronica? Well, no, not any more. Times is changed, even for Archie comics. It was the miniskirt that heralded a new day in cheesecake. It made respectable the exposure of Milady's limbs, and thus worked a profound change on traditional sexual mores. Archie Comics first officially recognized the miniskirt on the cover of the June, 1967 *Betty & Veronica* 25 cent *Spectacular*: Betty and Veronica entering a classroom wearing miniskirts, while the boys—Archie, Reggie and Moose—gape and leer at their dimpled knees, their slender thighs. Betty's wearing a tight red sweater, her breasts are still more punctuated than Veronica's and her red-and-blue combination is still rather loud next to the subdued checkered pattern of Veronica's minidress. Yeah, Betty's still flashier. But just look at Veronica's outfit, the way it hugs her waist and hips, moulding down her body to just below her crotch, then *flouncing* outward gaily, to a scalloped hem which *appears* to reveal much more thigh than it actually does. "Archie," Mrs. Grundy's asking, "what is England's chief export?" Archie: "*Miniskirts!*"

Fucking "A", Arch. Today a radically brief microskirt rarely raises an eyebrow in Archie Comics, and the world of Riverdale has cranked around a few degrees since 1967. Nowhere is this more

evident than in the little formula stories they've run in *Betty & Veronica* for the last two or three winters. Yes, they have winter in Riverdale too, and every winter Veronica will go sauntering out into the gale wearing nothing but a knit micro-shift, sexy textured nylons, and knee-length go-go booties. She'll pass by Archie, who will be talking idly with Betty, who'll be bundled up in a bulky parka, heavy jeans and thermal underwear, and broad-toed foul weather boots. And Veronica will just mince along in her brevities, and Archie will fall down and roll on the sidewalk.

There are two possible endings to such a story: Veronica will catch her death of cold and wind up snuffling in bed while Archie cavorts with Betty; or Betty will zap home in a huff, change into an even *briefer* outfit, catch her death, and wind up watching Veronica making it with Archie. The important thing here is that Veronica now takes off her clothes to inveigle Archie into her tender trap. And that means, fellow daughter-fuckers of America, that sexiness is now the couthiest way for a young lady to present herself.

Going back a few years, you'll recall that 'twas not ever thus. To hide, to conceal, this was the essence of propriety. A really sexy chick who was given to flashing the old beaver in English Lit. was just not couthly; she may have been all right, but she wasn't as desirable as the really sexy chicks who never ever shot beavers but whom you wished would. A chick who showed off her body was considered a slut, little better than a whore, and a whore was any girl who fucked one or more guys. You had to feel sorry for chicks with tits so big they couldn't help but look sexy—they got typed as sluts from puberty onward, and generally wound up acting like whores, and hating themselves for it. What the whole thing boiled down to was this: sex is dirty.

Now, though, there's been a whole revolution in values. Beaver is *in* this season among the teen-age set. Teenyboppers select their lingerie now according to what will look best when it's exposed. Take the Second Avenue bus downtown between East Seventieth and East Fourteenth any day of the week between three and five just after school lets out—and you'll see what I mean. Ever see a little chick sit down so that her orange miniskirt slides up under her butt, and she's wearing chartreuse patterned pantyhose and Golo-boots, and when she crosses her legs, why, there's bright blue bikini panties over that there pantyhose? I mean, *over* the pantyhose, where it can be *seen*. Bright blue snug little mound between dark green plump long legs, with the orange mini up over her fat, little lap, slurp, drool?

The thing is, when you see something like that these days, you're not looking at a slut. You're probably looking at the Valedictorian, and if you try to come on to her like you'd come on to a slut, she's liable to give you the back of her pretty little hand. And then where would you be? So you wouldn't do bad to dig on Archie Comics for a bit—Goldwater may be a turd, but he's an acute observer of teen-age trends. You can tell *that* by his bank account.

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THE GREAT SCREW ADVENTURE

Dear SCREW:

The publication of SCREW must be considered one of the most significant newspaper accomplishments of the decade. Significant because of its unprecedented lack of inhibition in using the folk language of our times, the language most closely related to the majority of men in the street; and also significant because of its lack of coyness in publishing the fully exposed erotic photographs which the public obviously wishes to see. They have done this as blatantly and as shockingly as possible. Its nude pin-ups of men and women are posed in all manner of love-making positions without the slightest attempt to cutely cover up essential areas as per *Playboy* magazine. Its language, mostly fulminations, has the authentic sound of real live human beings (longshoremen, bartenders, cabdrivers, parents, adolescents, and even policemen), instead of the carefully crafted intellectually chosen tone of some editorial deity. SCREW's editorials do not whisper, "...we are disturbed and disappointed in so and so..." (Do angry people really ever talk like that?). SCREW's editorials shout, "...Fuck you, so and so..."

Does the public want to read this kind of stuff and see these kind of pictures? You can bet every moral you've ever been taught that it does. The success of SCREW has been overwhelming. In a couple of short months circulation jumped from a monthly distribution of a couple of thousand to a weekly distribution of one hundred fifty thousand. Newspaper stands and vendors could not get enough of the publication. As quickly as it was placed on the rack SCREW was gobbled up by the public.

Much of the public has been offended and, admittedly, there have been complaints phoned and mailed in to the city authorities. But why would not SCREW have the same right to offend as the world's largest daily circulation newspaper, the *Daily News*? And why should they not have the right to offend in their own inimitable four-letter style?

But the primary question posed by SCREW is not so much psychological as constitutional. They have thrown down the gauntlet. Can our society give pornography at least the same freedom it allows violence? If we allow firearms to be openly advertised, exhibited in store windows, sold over counters, and mounted proudly on walls, can we deny the right to print photos of the human body

preparing to make love? If we not only allow but advocate the use of war, can we deny the use of any kind of language?

Society has responded to SCREW's challenge. The full organized vengeance of the New York City police department has been brought to bear on Buckley and Goldstein. The efforts of the police have been prodigious. The cost to the public taxpayer, at a time when we are all aware that thousands of our fellow citizens are literally starving to death, is staggering. At least fifteen detectives in one borough alone (the Bronx) had been assigned to the case, seizing copies of SCREW off the stands and warning vendors not to distribute the publication—all this, incidentally, before any court decision has been reached. The leading and highest paid law enforcement officers of the city, all the district attorneys, the corporation counsel, and the officers of the morals squad have been meeting almost weekly to plan anti-SCREW strategy. Even the F.B.I., it has been alleged by SCREW, has contributed time and manpower to the war against Buckley and Goldstein.

Although Buckley and Goldstein may become martyrs, they are no heroes. They describe themselves as horny avaricious men who have done what they have for kicks and greed (could anything be more in the American establishment tradition?). And SCREW itself is no masterpiece. Its prose is uneven; its style, juvenile. But these details do not matter. It does not even matter that SCREW might be guilty of libel—we have civil laws and procedures to be used in that event. What does matter is that the issues raised by the suppression of SCREW are important enough to affect the lives of every one of us. SCREW has challenged the very heart of society's concept (or conceit?) of itself. Are we really free? Do we really have freedom of expression? Or is it just some delusion of freedom, a partway thing which is limited and restricted by antiquated myths; myths which are illusory, destructive, and, some believe, ultimately suicidal?

Robert Marmorstein
New York City.

A EUROPEAN BROTHER: SUCK

Dear SCREW:

Thanks fellas for publishing Michael Perkins' swell review of our 'sex blad' SUCK. In spite of usual and expected raids, custom seizures and deportations from tight-assed UK brain police protection, racket mobs, SUCK is alive and well in Amsterdam and elsewhere. Too bad your correspondent didn't visit the SUCK stand at Copenhagen Sex Messe.

We are preparing second 'nummer' and by popular request would like to publish your 'Male Fuckability' Test. Would you airmail express posthaste a copy/tearsheet of test now. This time we give credit where credit is due. By the way, the highest score I've seen for female test, on this side of the sea, was recorded by Mamma Cass. It was 144!

Suck with love,
William Levy,
Suck, Joy Publications
Box 2080
Amsterdam, Holland

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, and PROPOSITIONS to: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, SCREW, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

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DIRTY

DIVERSIONS

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

John and Mary is a splendid love story in which Dustin Hoffman screws Mia Farrow on the first date. This naughty act becomes the pivotal point of the film as the characters they play make that long and seldom traveled trip from, "What can I get from you?" to "What can I give you?"

This flick is from '20th Century and they have a winner. The picture could so easily have been a clicker, but the naturalistic acting of the two stars and truth-etched script combine to make *John and Mary* a romantic's dream and a cynic's delight. The ring of truth tolls for it and it is a bell-bonger that all you kiddies and neophyte nebbishes can enjoy. To hell with the Peter Metering in the case of a sincere and honest screen exploration of the East Side Sweepstakes and the compulsive desire to get layed without enjoying it that characterizes so much of the "swingers set" of today.

Mia has a lovely tukus (ass to you wasps), and Hoffman is probably the finest actor on the American scene today. I hope that they balled each other off screen cause they seem like good people who deserve the best.

What a sloppy romantic note to start a film review with in SCREW. I have a lot of random notes and miscellaneous crud I intend to insert in this page, so don't expect any flashes of brilliance this week, since my stuff will be on par with the rest of the rag—that is, from dim-witted to inferior.

RANDOM ROT

Speaking of inferiority, I must thank the "Tarot" on 37 Union Square for treating our rock critic, Henry Edwards (He still uses a gutless alias, Arlecchino, or some such drivel) who was given free entry to review the highly regarded rock group—The McCoys. My ears hurt (I'm past 30), so I left. However, their food has improved and stomach cramps are disappearing from the menu. Seriously (?), their menu is good, and though their prices are more expensive than "Max's Kansas City", their waitresses are fleet of foot. Tit for tit I would rate the "Tarot" broads more efficient, but the "Max's" brigade win the cunt contest by a nipple when it comes to mouth-watering fuckability. The greatest ice cream in America is served at Max's and it's called "Chocolate-chocolate chip" and is worth a trip to Mickey's place (he's the Kansas city owner) just to nosh on its richness. Located on 17th and Park Avenue, tell the hostess, Alegra, that Al sent you and she will help get you layed, or as a minimum, make sure you get screwed.

Several weeks ago, I attended the Rock and Roll Revival at the Garden and thought it was a good value for the money. Bill Haley's Comets are a dud, however, and look like refugees from an Irish bar mitzvah. They are to rock what Lawrence Welk is to jazz.

Speaking of music, I bought the original cast album of *Oh! Calcutta!* and thought you might be interested in it either because of the inability to raise the \$25 for tickets, or because you're living



DUSTIN HOFFMAN

FUCKS MIA FARROW

in some faraway place that dissaproves of such pussy shows.

One of the cuts, side 1 band 4, is the only one that captures the vitality and strength of the show. The rest of the album is acceptable. You should buy the record for your musical or sex collection. Because of the shameful words like "fuck" on the disc, none of the major labels cut it and you have to buy it for \$6.95 from Aidart Records, P.O. Box 1146, New York 10019.

The Johnny Cash show at Madison Square Garden was good in spite of the fascist audience and much of Cash's god-loving and hawkist material. Disregarding this Baptist bullshit he is one of the most dynamic entertainers in the world. Also, Cash is gaining weight and has a fat ass, and for that alone I would follow him to weight-watchers.

As a special surprise, the remainder of this column was written by a friend. First of all, I am bored and second of all he wrote the review free in exchange for tickets. The 3-D movie is playing at the "Capri" on 49th street and though we would like them to advertise in SCREW, they said they wanted to see if our review would be favorable. I hate editors who allow advertising interests to direct the editorial content of a paper, and am thrilled that the reviewer hated the film. I WANT PROSPECTIVE ADVERTISERS IN SCREW TO REALIZE THAT ADS ARE FOR SALE BUT THE INTEGRITY OF SCREW CANNOT BE RENTED, LEASED, BORROWED OR BOUGHT OUTRIGHT. IF SUCH A DEAL IS ASKED FOR I WILL GO OUT OF MY WAY TO DO A HATCHET JOB ON THAT WHORE.

CAPRI, I HAVE REVIEWED AND WILL CONTINUE TO REVIEW EVERY

ONE OF YOUR FILMS FROM NOW ON. WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU TRYING TO BUFFALO? FUCK YOU CAPRI THEATRE!!!!!!!

The following review is written by Jesse Horowitz, an itinerant artist in his first attempt to use the Queen's English. I hope to have more visiting film reviews so that I can sleep more.

It's a good thing this reporter took a female along to see the above-mentioned rot. (I refuse to mention the name of the movie again because I get sharp pains in my eyeballs!) At least I got a hard-on holding my date's hand on the way to the theatre.

It's rated (and billed) as being something different. And it certainly was—PAIN! First of all, any and all going to see this flick and hoping for 3-D tits and snatch are in for pain—that is, the absence of it between the legs, plus pains in the eyeballs, plus your wallet. First of all, the price—Ouch! Next, the "3-D glasses"—which if you happen to get a pair that are relatively free from oily, chicken-delight fingerprints, or are warped to the point where they could substitute for the pin-wheel on the beany atop Goldstein's head. If these condition happen not to exist you still will get eye pain.

THE PICTURE IS A FRAUD—A SHAME—A PIECE OF HUMAN EXCREMENT. IN OTHER WORDS, don't see it!

It is not 3-D at all. But a BLACK AND WHITE flick with a blue tint overlaid and a pink tint overlaid, and if you ever *do* get your glasses on and can see through them, the three images *never meet*. So you sit there looking at three heads, six eyes, six tits and two cunts for every fat girl in the flick (for

thin ones cut the above-mentioned amounts in half!) It gave both me and my sexy companion severe migraine headaches.

Furthermore, being a black and white flick the good-looking black chick comes on as greyish purple and the ugly, short-haired white chick as pinkish grey. Everyone else in the flick can't act, so it doesn't matter what color they are.

The closest scene to eroticism (but no hard-on) is a whip-cream bit which I dug because I've had a whipped-cream fetish ever since I was six years old and my dad pushed my head into a banana-split because I didn't want to finish it, and besides, it cost 35 cents, and children in Europe were starving.

STATISTICS— 1. The plot was not interesting, 2. Acting lousy, 3. Headache because of fake 3-D, 4. No color, 5. Sound inaudible and not synched, 6. No cunt shown!

What surprised me was the amount of people in the audience being taken for suckers! I did spot many leaving earlier than planned—because of the eye pain. Me, like a schumck, stayed to see the second feature, *Lovers in Limbo* which I hoped would give me a hard-on. It did not, although one did see eight split-beaver shots. (Alas, by actual omega timing only for approximately 10 seconds apiece on the average). And so, a new record is about to be recorded—

PETER-METER—35%	
INTEREST	10%
SEXUALITY	10%
TECHNICAL	15%
TOTAL—35% out of a 100%	

P.S. I expect SCREW to reimburse me for my visits to an eye doctor.



Mr pr presents

More Seasonal Selections . . .

It seems that the North Pole is on the brink of financial ruin . . . and to spark up its dying business, it's offering a special Christmas package . . . a darling living doll for Daddy, wrapped in a tempting box and packaged, all ready to make. So remember, if the holly-daze and the woolly winter get to you . . . get yourself down . . . get yourself down to the North Pole, where the shop keepers will be very happy to help you. However, there is a Santa clause, and that is, it will cost you \$150 . . . for this fun-filled weekend. But it's a nice gift to lay beneath the tree.

For those who enjoy a bit of bondage or discipline with their merrymaking, there is a company which offers over fifty different pieces of bondage equipment and devices . . . each item is fully illustrated and described in a fine catalog . . . from chastity belts . . . to witches cradles. The catalog costs \$3, which is deductible with your first order. Write to:

THE ADULT COMPANY, Box 653, 1505 Dayton, Aurora, Colorado 80010.

A unique sex game (which is not available in stores) can be played by two or more people, is being offered from: GEORGE, GPO Box 2651, New York, New York 10001. The cost is \$7.90 . . . plus your signature stating your age.

A novel item called HIPPIE LIPSTICK (which is a small penis in a lipstick case) is also a novel stocking stuffer. It costs \$1.50 . . . and is available from: F & S DISTRIBUTORS, 210 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010.

An interesting fact to note: persons caught writing obscene words or drawing pornographic pictures on walls in Lima, Peru, are arrested and taken to the police station where they are given pencil and paper . . . and must write 5,000 times, "I Must Keep The City Clean".

A personal massager for the male, which is foam-rubber lined inside the 7" tube, is available from: DRD SALES, Box 1073 J Falls Station, Niagara Falls, New York. The cost is \$14 . . . which includes the batteries.

Again, I would like to mention the witch hunters, and smut-squashers, that hide themselves behind children and religion, THE MORALITY IN MEDIA, Inc., 1256 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10028. They offer a FREE newsletter of their activities, merely for the asking. They are a group of men who are self-appointed censors and who feel that they are qualified to censor what the public should, or should not, read or see. They link drugs . . . pornography . . . and violence, together. Actually, there are no facts which can be found that will prove such an obvious fallacy. So drop them a line and see what is offered by those who seek to choose for us, our freedoms.

However, please don't tell them you read about it in my column. Several of their staff are subscribers to SCREW, and I wouldn't want them to think that their subscriptions were being in suspicion.

NOTICE: "Congress shall make no laws abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." . . . Article I . . . from the Bill of Rights.

There are many battery operated dildos on the market today, most of which are a waste of money and time. Generally, they are made in Hongkong or Japan. Some simply do not work. Others quickly wear out . . . or are soon discovered to be defective. However, there is one which recently has been brought to my attention, that is run with an attached cord . . . and that is quite good. It has several attachments, and is well constructed. The cost is \$11 and it can be obtained from: ELECTRIC APPLIANCE RENTAL & SALES CO., 40 West 29th Street, New York, New York 10001. It's manufactured by the WAAL CLIPPER Corporation, Sterling, Illinois.

CANDLES, c/o FOR ADULTS ONLY, P.O. Box 1060, Flushing, New York 11352 . . . makes and sells handmade penis candles. They are specially scented with an aphrodisiac and come in any color desired. Write them for additional information and prices.

HAMMER BOOKS, 22 Queens Road, Brighton, England . . . has a nice selection of books for adults. Their material comes in from Japan and Scandinavia . . . and they invite inquiries.

IMPERIAL IMPORTS, Box 31184, Temple Hills, Maryland 20031 . . . is offering an artificial penis which is nine inches long . . . it is somewhat soft, and is available in black or white. The cost is

\$7.00, and payment may be made in cash, check or money order . . . the shape is quite realistically detailed.

It is believed that you can rate a female's bedroom performance by what she drinks. The one who drinks a little is easier . . . while the one who drinks a lot is practically impossible . . . as she usually sinks into a drunken stupor. According to Dr. Richard E. Goulden, a female can become sexually aroused by drinking wine, cider, brandy and champagne, and in that order. Next on the aphrodisiac scale is beer . . . then liqueurs like Benedictine and Chartreuse. Another wonder is a glass of cognac with the yolk of an egg, and a pinch of paprika. Dr. Goulden suggests that coffee blunts the sexual appetite . . . while cocoa and tea have no effect either way. So . . . have a happy holiday . . . and here's to you.

I want to thank you for all the cards and for the many gifts you have been sending in . . . I truly am appreciative for them. Please bear with me . . . if you have not as yet received an answer to your question or problem. Hundreds of letters come in every week. In fact . . . I receive more mail, than ANY OTHER COLUMNIST . . . ON ANY PAPER! I personally answer each one and I assure you, that I WILL . . . if I have not already done so.

If you have a problem or a question concerning Erotica, Pornography or Sex, I will be very happy to give you a confidential, personal reply, if you enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, plus 25¢ in coin.

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John Turner

A Dirty Fable

The Turtle And The Rabbit

BY SAM MARTIN

An arrogant hare was given to boasting about his sexual prowess. "Drunk or sober, I can outfuck any creature in town," he said frequently in an obnoxiously taunting manner. One day, this ill-mannered hare happened to hit upon an amorous pair of tortoises playing a game which requires no candle. The hare very impolitely broke into uproarious laughter. Rolling on the ground he taunted the couple with remarks like: "However did you manage to get into that position? You must have used a crane. And at the rate you are going, you may be finished by January after next—but I doubt it. Do you need any help? Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Well, you can imagine how angry the tortoise became, being interrupted so rudely, right in the middle of a piece of very important and intimate business. On top of that, he certainly didn't want to be made a fool of in the presence of his lady love. In the heat of his anger the tortoise cast a challenge at the hare in these words: "You big-mouth, castrated, bastardly, ball-less eunuch. I could outdo you with a lead sinker on my prick!" Of course this was not quite true, for the hare had a very fine pair of balls, one on either side of a truly superb and famous you-know-what. But the die was cast, the challenge made, and the tortoise would either have to do contest or face permanent disgrace.

The contest was set for the following Sunday, and the whole town turned out for the gala event, which was to take place in the famous Cunnie Make stadium. Two lines were formed; one of lady rabbits, and one of lady tortoises. At the signal of the starter, the hare and the tortoise were to work their way or should I say, plow their way to the end of their respective lines. The one who first reached the end was to be declared winner, and was to receive a gold medal plus the official title "Fastfucker". "How in heaven's name do I manage to get myself into these things?" cried the tortoise, while the hare was marching arrogantly around the stadium with a flag proudly flying from his stiff long



flagpole. The starting pistol was fired and the hare was off like a shot. He was already halfway through his line before the tortoise had his instrument primed and ready. The hare was still going strong by the time he got to number 69, who I might add, was quite a piece of pussy, in spite of the fact that she was a rabbit. The hare saw that he was so far ahead of the tortoise that instead of going on to the next rabbit, he took this one again . . . and again . . . and again, and again, and again . . .

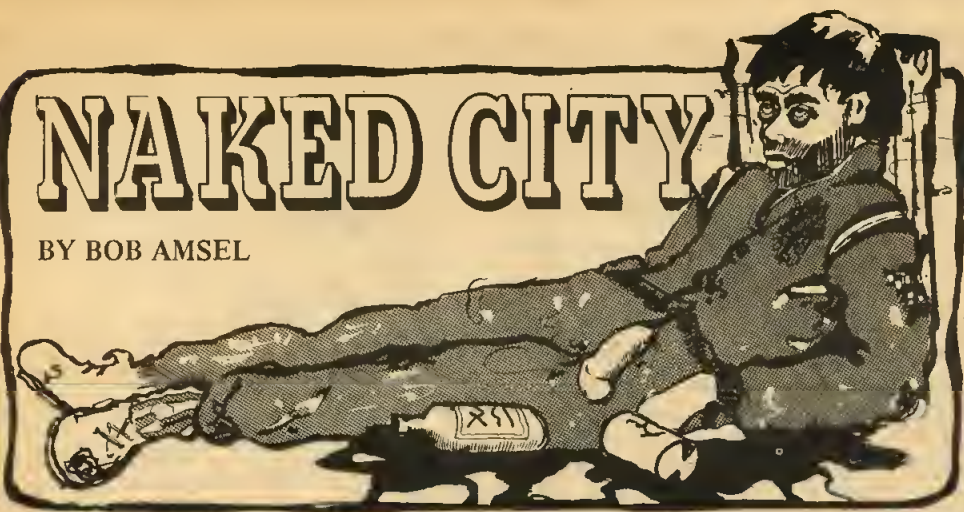
In the meantime, the tortoise was, slowly but steadily, plodding along surprising no one more than himself at how well he was able to keep things up. The hare who was quite absorbed in his pleasurable diversion, failed to notice that the tortoise was slowly closing, among other things, the gap between them. Finally, all but fucked out the hare noticed that the tortoise was not very far behind. He bid sad farewell to his sweet little bunny cunny, which had given him so much pleasure, and proceeded to the next rabbit. But woe to the poor hare! He had left so much of himself with bunny no. 69 that he had just about wiped himself out. Try as hard as he could, he just couldn't get even the slightest suggestion of a rise.

"I'll rest awhile, and the fatigue should leave shortly," he thought to himself. "I am sure to recover soon, and anyway I still have a handsome lead." So he lay down and soon he was in dreamland. Meanwhile the tortoise, plodding slowly along and pushing steadily ahead, had not only closed the lead, but was now well ahead. Suddenly, the hare awoke amid mixed shouts of cheering for the tortoise and cries of alarm for himself. But alas, it was too late. He awoke just in time to hear the sound of the suction breaking as the tortoise was pulling out of his last, little lady tortoise. At his victory interview the tortoise said to Goward Blowswell. "At the pace he was going, I knew he couldn't keep it up." Defeated, disgraced, and ashamed, the hare left the country and rumor has it that to this very day he cannot raise it.

Moral: Slow and steady wins the race, While arrogance falls on its face.

NAKED CITY

BY BOB AMSEL



I want to start off by thanking Al Goldstein for putting me on the *Shit List* last week. A dubious compliment? Hardly. You have to really know Al to appreciate this warm and friendly gesture. Al's anal fixation is notoriously well-known and has been the topic of numerous psychological research. But Al understands that I would never condemn him for his unusual culinary tastes. In fact, to prove my fondness for him, I am sending him a ribbon-adorned basket containing the highly-spiced product of a recent defecation.

Under the spotlight:

STOMP, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St., 677-6350

An abomination. After a hassle over getting review tickets from a moronic press agent whose half-assed attitude was enough to close down the best of shows, I finally paid my way in order to get in. The squeeze on my wallet hurt even more by the time I left the theatre, but I have to honestly admit that I was still angered by that press agent jerk who should have been in the unemployment lines ages ago. Therefore, my review may not be as objective as I would have liked, due to the rotten mood I was in. I found myself concentrating on the many bad things in *Stomp* rather than the few (very few) good ones. Before progressing to the nitty gritty, I must say that the kids in the cast managed to inject a great deal of spontaneity into this outhouse affair, and I look forward to seeing some of them in a vehicle worthy of their abilities. But in regard to the show itself, the songs were obviously composed of leftover camel dung. The script, assuming there ever was one, had the brilliancy of a mildewed marshmallow. At first, I thought it was a do-it-yourself guide for the mentally retarded, before I realized that its simple-mindedness was merely a reaffirmation of the stereotyped hippie as seen through the eyes of an inhabitant of Zanesville, Ohio. The what-we-stand-for philosophy has been so overworked that only a plague of freaked-out locusts could save it. If you have to see a rock show, see *Hair* or *Salvation*. Don't be suckered in like yours truly. SSS

Other plays:

THE PEOPLE'S HEART, THE TREATMENT, Forlini's Theatre "3", 111th St. and B'way, 749-9520

Here is an example of two, potentially, good one-act plays completely destroyed by bad directing. Both of them have valid statements to make about man's inhumanity to man and the destruction of man's self-esteem. But the actors mug and push every line until any chance of emotional impact is destroyed. Lyndee Hayes Townsend, Howard Buck, Chandler Young, Verbulec Robinson, and Eugene Brezany all show potential talent, but if they continue under such directorial abuse, their careers will be ruined before they're started. Although

there are some strong sexual lines, it would be unfair to rate this on a sexual basis, but both plays deserve an "A" for social consciousness and an "F" for treatment. C.

THE WAY IT IS, New Lincoln Theatre, 63rd & B'way, PL 7-3627

Because the show is going through extensive rewriting during this preview period, I will not review it until it opens in January. I will tell you, however, that in this nude musical revue, there is an obscene little song about this lovable little rag, *Screw*. Isn't that enough to make you want to come all over yourself? A DIRTY EVENING, Inner Theatre, 356 Bowery (& 4th St.), 228-9906.

This is one of those rare off-off Broadway shows in which the cast decided to use talent in lieu of nudity, and for the most part, it works. The show is composed of numerous sketches by masters of ribaldry from Appolinaire to E.E. Cummings. The most humorous is *The Abbess of Lombardy*, based on a Boccaccio story, and thanks to Mary Routt's performance as "Mother Superior" and a skillful adaptation by Ricardo Castillo, this one, alone, is worth the price of admission. When a priest gets under the nun's skirts to get a lick, she moans, "O Father, forgive him, for he knows not how to do it." Not all of the routines work as successfully, but due to the many talented people in the cast and the imagination of the directors, this is far better than most. Not for voyeurs but for those who just want an entertaining evening!

Flicks:

I'm limiting the number of films this week, because I wanted to give the play buffs their chance. But next week, I'll mention all the goodies.

SEX OF ANGELS, DeMille, 47th St. at 7th Ave., CO 5-8430

If you're looking for bouncing boobs and twitching twats, this flick doesn't have



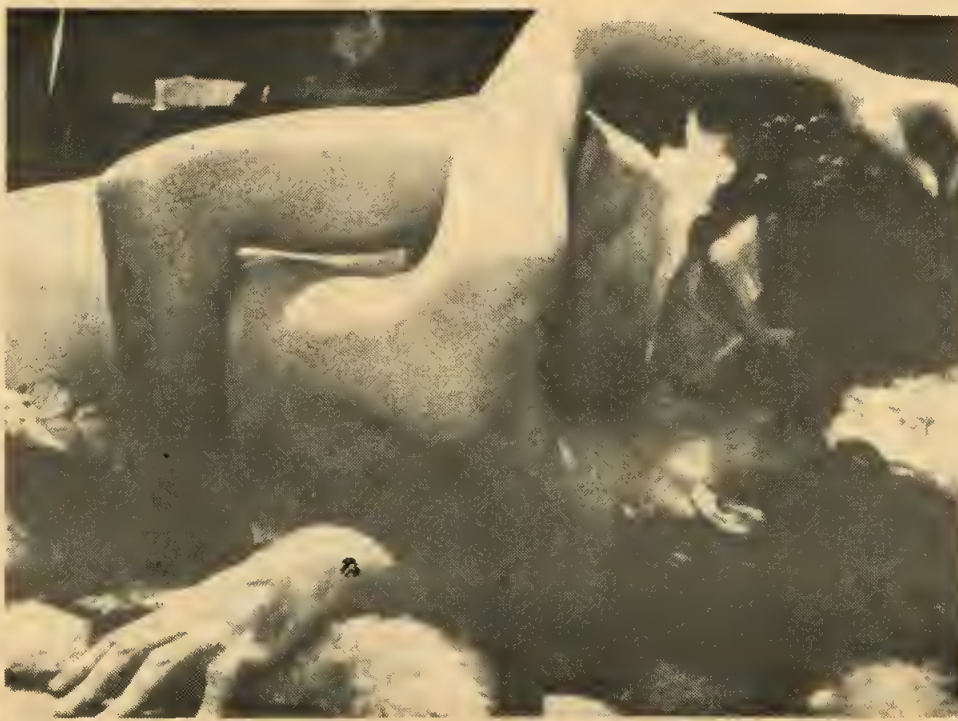
them. Nor does it have a good script or terribly good acting. In fact I still can't figure out why anyone bothered making this film in the first place. S,C.

7½ NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL, Elgin Cinema, 8th Ave. & 19th, 675-0935

From December 16 thru 24th, some of the leading, and not so leading underground filmmakers, will have their works presented. While some of the pics are highly erotic and a feast for voyeurs, others would put a priest to sleep. It's a potluck affair with everything from sugar to shit served, so don't be surprised if you're bored to death half the time (thanks to a Warhol or Mekas), or turned on to the other half (thanks to an Anger or a Clarke). From S to C to R to E to W.

FUTZ, Kips Bay, 2nd Ave at 31st St. LE 2-6668

Can a man love a pig and find true happiness? Judging from the filled houses, the audiences are very happy, or maybe they just can't believe their eyes. It may not be a great flick, but it's different. C to R to E.



THE MINX

THE MINX, Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240

The premise of this commercial sexploitation quickie is that a girl detective's best way of securing information is to put out. And the three beauties in this pic get the best info every time. Some tit, but minimal cunt shots. The lead chick jerks off with a revolver and we were worried lest she pulled the trigger during climax. C,E.

FOR GAYS:

Plays:

LITTLE BOXES, New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St., PL 2-0440

For gay girls, one of these two short plays is about a couple of girls who share a guy, in an attempt to hide the truth, when their parents drop in for a visit. The complications that ensue make for a charming evening. The lesbians come off as believable human beings for a change. ! NUDE GYMNASTICS, The Playbox, 94 St. Marks Pl., 874-2344

If you enjoy naked men doing calisthenics and if you aren't too choosy about acting and plot, get your ass over to the "Playbox". The exercises provide some views you don't often see. The front row, from the center to right is the place to sit. E,W.

Flicks:

BALLS OF FIRE, Park-Miller 43rd bet. 6th & B'way, BR 9-3970

Nudie flicks for gays are starting to come into their own—at least they're catching up with their slick, straight counterparts. This is the first full-length, color sound film of this genre, and though it may not be the greatest thing going it's a good step forward. E,W.

RATING SYSTEM:

- S = Soft-off
- C = Cock-tease
- R = Rough-stuff (S&M)
- E = Erection
- W = Whack-off
- ! = Screwable



SHIT LIST

BY JIM BUCKLEY



Gather your bile, the ShitList is here! No more must you meekly sit back while bullies ride ripshod over your emaciated hulk! Revolt! Threaten that "Special One" with a ShitList inclusion and you have the power the Devil promised J.C., one lonely day in the desert. And for starters, this week's

SHITHEAD OF THE WEEK

is: SCOT WILEY of *Celebrity Service* 171 West 57th St. (PL7-7979). This guy is just one of a number of aging flunkies who mishandle the shady operations of this business. Their "service" is supposed to provide legitimate newspapers such as SCREW and the NY TIMES with the whereabouts of famous people. "Mr." WILEY refused to supply SCREW with these bits of information, claiming that we were of "inferior calibre." Don't, I repeat, Don't hate SCOT WILEY. Feel sorry for him. Pity the mass of quivering jello his brain represents. Next week we'll be publishing the home addresses and telephone numbers of the whole staff of *Celibate Service*, gleaned from the files of *Failures Anonymous*. Look for it!

CRAP

THE MIDTOWN TYPEWRITER CO., at 124 W. 23rd Street. Be careful of dealing with these shysters. Here is our experience: Our Bohn Unitrex Adding Machine broke down, after six months of reliable service. We called MIDTOWN and they took away the machine, returning it within a few days, along with a bill for \$42.50 for "repair" charges. They also demanded immediate payment, before giving us a chance to check it out. The machine didn't work! They THEN told us it was "unrepairable!" After threatening to take them to court, these goniffs agreed to sell us a new Olympia adding machine AT LIST PRICE (they usually offer discounts), and then deducted the \$42.50 from that. The whole transaction was shoddy and reminded us what low types there are sleazing around the business world.

Note to BOHN: That machine is brand new and is now collecting dust in our office. If you can fix it for us we'll love and cherish the numbers you walk on!

OTHER SHITS

NAT ASCH, Program Director at WNEW-FM Radio, (102.7 on your FM Dial) for being a snob and human drek at one and the same time. GNAT ASSCH is in charge of programming the drivel that normally reeks out with a hushed whisper from the constantly hoarse DJs of WNEW. MIKE (Mickey) JAHN invited Al Goldstein and myself to visit his "program" (Sunday nights, 6:05 to 7 p.m.) some evening. While in the process of getting an OK from his mother, Naughty Nat Asshole said that we were "crude and coarse" and should be soaked in iodine until the rot is gone! Goodness! Natty Asswipe should take some courtesy courses from Scot Muni, the only REAL MAN at WNEW (or is it WABC?) FUCK YOU SPATS, may you develop instant lockjaw next time you're on your knees.

MORE SHIT YET!

The Rev. JERRY SCHNEIDERMAN, two-bit columnist for the *Bernard Baruch TICKER*, a local college newspaper of dubious quality. His column is called "Culture Crap" and for the only time in his life, he hit it right on the nose! He claims that the TICKER is raunchier, sexier, and has more four-letter words than SCREW, and that their Touch Football Team could lick our SCREW All-Stars any day. All this may be true, but the real burn to this sordid episode in yellow journalism is that JERRY SCHNEIDERMAN visited the orifices of SCREW, and has the audacity to look, walk, talk, feel, bloat and generally act like our own Executive Editor AL (The Chub) GOLDSTEIN! What a fucking disgrace! Two overweight, bearded Jews running around at SCREW, taking verbal potshots at each other with the accuracy of a bulldozer on a tightrope (?). FOR SHAME!

SHITS OF ALL TIME

GERMANY may be the scurviest country in the world, but the JEWS of New York hold the distinction of being the most omnipresent and pushy people on the face of this planet! I, Jim Buckley, publisher of SCREW have to work with al GOLDSTEIN, Jewish boy from the Island (and I don't mean Eire!) as my partner. He wears a beard. Larry [redacted] and les [redacted] are my art directors. They are Jewish and both wear beards. My distributor, archie GORDON is Jewish; he wears a beard. ALL my lawyers are Jewish and somewhere, somehow, they all have hair on their faces! Whaaaaat is this? Even my girl friend is Jewish, and SHE's beginning to sprout a moustache! I was born into a good Catholic family. Tell me Jesus, is this my punishment for straying from the One True Church?

DINGLEBERRIES

THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT is the new MGM super-duper production (directed by stuart HAGMANN, screenplay by ISRAEL HOROVITZ!—I'll bet they've got hair on their faces!). They are on the ShitList, not because they are Jewish, but because MGM has been bombarding our offices with tons of Press Releases on this film. If new MGM head, James T. Aubrey, is worried about rising costs and falling profits, his first look-see should surround this operation. I haven't seen a film pushed so hard since "My Friend Flicka" burst upon the 70mm screen! So bring out the fucking film already!

GOOD GUYS

There was a shitload of Good Guys this week, but I'm out of space, so instead of boring you with the niceties of life, I'll save them for next time, and bore you then.

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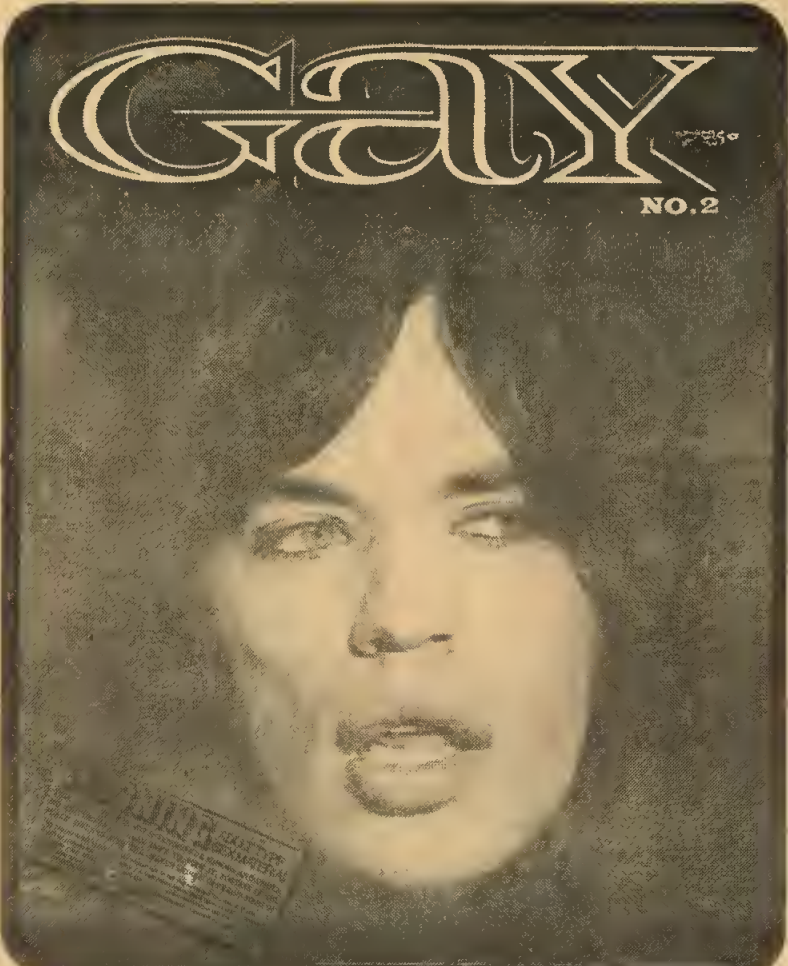
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